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For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

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The Dying NEGRO.

I WAS not long ſince invited to dine with a planter who lived three miles from——, where he then reſided. In order to avoid the heat of the ſun, I reſolved to go on foot, ſheltered in a ſmall path leading through a pleaſant wood. I was leiſurely travelling along, attentively examining ſome peculiar plants which I had collected, when all at once I felt the air ſtrongly agitated; though the day was perfectly calm and ſultry. I immediately caſt my eyes towards the cleared ground, from which I was but at a ſmall diſtance, in order to ſee whether it was not occaſioned by a ſudden ſhower; when at that inſtant a ſound reſembling a deep rough voice, uttered, as I thought, a few inarticulate monoſyllables. Alarmed and ſurprized, I precipitately looked all round, when I perceived at about ſix rods diſtance ſomething reſembling a cage, ſuſpended to the limbs of a tree; all the branches of which appeared covered with large birds of prey fluttering about, and anxiouſly endeavouring to perch on the cage: Actuated by an involuntary motion of my hands, more than by any deſign of my mind, I fired at them; they all flew to a ſhort diſtance, with a moſt hideous noiſe: when horrid to think and painful to repeat, I perceived a negro ſuſpended in the cage, and left there to expire! I ſhudder when I recollect that the birds had already picked out his eyes; his cheek bones were bare; his arms had been attacked in ſeveral places, and his body ſeemed covered with a multitude of wounds- From the edges of the hollow ſockets and from the lacerations with which he was diſfigured, the blood ſlowly dropped, and tinged the ground beneath. No ſooner were the birds flown, than ſwarms of inſects covered the body of this unfortunate wretch, eager to feed on his mangled fleſh and drink his blood. I found myſelf ſuddenly arreſted by the power of affright and terror; my nerves were convulſed; I trembled, I ſtood motionleſs, involuntarily contemplating the fate of this negro, in all its diſmal latitudes. The living ſpectre, though deprived of his eyes, could ſtill diſtinctly hear, and in his uncouth dialect begged me to give him ſome water to allay his thirſt. Humanity her ſelf would have recoiled back with horror; ſhe would have balanced whether to leſſen ſuch relieſleſs diſtreſs, or mercifully with one blow to end this dreadful ſcene of agonizing torture! Had I had a ball in my gun, I certainly ſhould have diſpatched him; but finding myſelf unable to perform ſo kind an office, I ſought, though trembling, to relieve him as well as I could. A ſhell ready fixed to a pole, which had been uſed by ſome negroes, preſented itſelf to me; I filled it with water, and with trembling hands guided it to the quivering lips of the wretched ſufferer. Urged by the irreſiſtable power of thirſt, he endeavoured to meet it, as he inſtinctively gueſſed its approach by the noiſe it made in paſſing through the bars of the cage. "Tankee you, whitee man, tankee you, putee ſomee poyſon and giveе me." How long have you been hanging there? I aſked him. "Two days, and me no die; the birds the birds; aah me!" Oppreſſed with the reflections which this ſhocking ſpectacle afforded me, I muſtered ſtrength enough to walk away, and ſoon reached the houſe where I intended to dine. There I heard that the reaſon for this ſlave being thus puniſhed, was on account of his having killed the overſeer of the plantation. They told me that the laws of ſelf preſervation rendered ſuch executions neceſſary; and ſupported the doctrine of ſlavery with the arguments generally made uſe of to juſtify the practice; with the repetition of which I ſhall not trouble you at preſent.

MEMORY.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the paſt to pain.

Thou, like the world, th'oppreſt oppreſſing.
Thy ſmiles increaſe the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other bleſſing,
In thee muſt ever find a foe.

[LEONORA *concluded from page* 279.]

Not only flew the landſkape by,
The clouds and ſtars appear'd to fly.
" Thus over hills and heath
" We ride like death ; ſay, lovely maid,
" By moon-light doſt thou fear the dead ?"
Ah ! ſpeak no more of death."

" The cock hath crow'd.—Away ! away !
" The ſand ebbs out : I ſcent the day.
" On ! on ! away from here !
" Soon muſt our deſtin'd courſe be run,
" The dead ride ſwift,—hurrah ! 'tis done,
" The marriage bed is near."

High grated iron doors, in vain
Barr'd their way.—With looſened rein
Whil'ſt William urg'd the ſteed,
He ſtruck the bolts ;—they open flew,
A church yard drear appear'd in view ;
Their path was o'er the dead.

As now, half veil'd by clouds, the moon
With feebler ray, o'er objects ſhone,
Where tomb-ſtones faint appear,
A grave new dug arreſts the pair,
Cry'd William, and embrac'd the fair,
' Our marriage bed is here.'

Scarce had he ſpoke, when, dire to tell,
His fleſh like touchwood from him fell,
His eyes forſook his head.
A ſkull, and naked bones alone,
Supply the place of William gone,
'Twas Death that claſp'd the maid.

Wild, ſnorting fire, the courſer rear'd,
As wrapp'd in ſmoke he diſappear'd,
Poor Leonora fell ;
The hideous ſpectres hover round,
Deep groans ſhe hears from under ground,
And fiends aſcend from hell.

They dance, and ſay, in dreadful howl,
' She aſks no mercy for her ſoul ;
Her earthly courſe is done.
When mortals, raſh and impious ! dare
Contend with God, and court deſpair,
We claim them as our own.'

' Yet,' thus was heard, in milder ſtrains,
Call on the Lord, while life remains,
Unite your heart to his ;
When man repents and is reſign'd,
God loves to ſoothe his ſuff'ring mind,
And grant him future bliſs.'

We claim as our's, who impious dare
Contend with God, and court deſpair ;'
Again the ſpectres cry'd.
' Fate threats in vain, when man's reſign'd,
' God loves to ſoothe the ſuff'ring mind,'
The gentler voice reply'd.

Leonora, e'er her ſenſe was gone,
Thus faint exclaim'd,—' thy Will be done,
' Lord, let thy anger ceaſe.'
Soft on the wind was borne the pray'r ;
The ſpectres vaniſh'd into air,
And all was huſh'd in peace.

Now redd'ning tints the ſkies adorn,
And ſtreaks of gold, proclaim the morn ;
The night is chas'd away.
The ſun aſcends, new warmth he gives,
New hope, new joy ; all nature lives,
And hails the glorious day.

No more are dreadful phantoms near ;
Love and his ſmiling train, appear ;
They cull each ſweeteſt flow'r,
To ſcatter o'er the path of youth,
To deck the bridal bed, when Truth
And Beauty own their pow'r.

Ah,—could your pow'r avert the blaſt
Which threatens Bliſs !—could paſſion laſt !
Ye dear enchanters tell ;
What purer joy could Heaven beſtow,
Than when with ſhar d affection's glow
Our panting boſoms ſwell ?

Sweet ſpirits ! wave the airy wand,
Two faithful hearts your care demand ;
Lo ! bounding o'er the plain,
Led by your charm, a youth returns ;
With hope, his breaſt impatient burns ;
Hope is not always vain.

' Wake, Leonora !—wake to Love !
For thee, his choiceſt wreath he wove ;'
Death vainly aim'd his Dart.
The Paſt was all a dream ; ſhe woke—
He lives ;—'twas William's ſelf who ſpoke,
And claſp'd her to his Heart.

[*Continued from page* 278.]

Brown, appalled with unknown fears, ſtood riveted to the ſpot ; his hair briſtled, his whole frame ſhook, but inſtinct had aided him to draw his ſword, which he held almoſt uſeleſsly in his hand. ' Come,' ſaid Smith, ' there is no danger. It is gone.' ' I don't fear danger, your

Honour knows,' replied the other; 'but I can't help fearing the devil and all his works; not that I mean to say that the good gentleman we just saw has any thing to do with the devil, but—' Come,' continued his master, 'take up the portmanteau; we are just at the Castle; it never enters the buildings.' This news somewhat recovered Brown, and he walked, with his sword still drawn, close to his master. When they came to the entrance of the bushes, our hero again stopped; one moment he thought of following the apparition, but the general prohibition of Mr. Freeman returned upon his mind; and the will of the curate of St. Donats was as much law to John Smith, Esq. Captain of a troop of horse, as ever it had been to little Jack Smith, the child of charity. While he stopped, involved in thought, his companion, who was somewhat recovered of his fright, stooped for the portmanteau, and seeing something glitter at a distance, picked it up, and said to his master, 'Sir, you have dropped the little crucifix you always carry.' 'Indeed!' said Smith, 'Ah! so I have; my fears had like to have been more prejudicial than your's.' They immediately walked on, and soon arrived at the castle.

Is it necessary to say with what heartfelt joy the two friends embraced,—or can I describe to whom the meeting was most grateful? After mutual congratulations, Smith mentioned the circumstance of the spectre which had just happened. 'I was nearly, Sir,' concluded he, 'losing my little ivory crucifix.' (The history of which Mr. Freeman very well knew.) 'Brown picked it up near the spot where the figure entered the bushes. How I could drop it!—but surely I feel it,' added he, 'now in my bosom!' As he spoke, he produced it still hanging from the string to which it was tied round his neck, and hastily searching his waistcoat pocket, drew out the one Brown had picked up. The gentlemen narrowly examined both, nor could they perceive the most trifling difference; again and again they compared them together; the black silk ribbon to which Smith's was tied, was the only thing by which he knew his own. Many times in town Mr. Freeman had remarked the excellency of the work of the one Smith wore; he had said no common artist could make even a good imitation of it; but here, on a sudden, by ways most strange, was found one exactly similar. It was evident that the crucifix had not lain there any time; it was perfectly unsoiled; and there was no one in that neighbourhood likely to have a thing of the kind: in short, every conjecture seemed to say, it must have been the property of the spectre;—but the gentlemen, both of them, thought it strange, without entering into metaphysical disquisitions, that an aerial form, void of earthly substance, should bear about with him the things of this world, however he might chuse still to be a temporary inhabitant here. Full of doubts the gentlemen were retiring to rest, when Mr. Freeman said, 'I shall detain you a few moments upon another affair, I had almost forgot—I mean Miss Modeley.' Smith, alarmed at the well known name, coloured, and fetching a deep sigh, said, 'You mean, Sir, Lady Swain; indeed! I hope she is well.'

'Miss Modeley is well,' replied Mr. Freeman; 'and though I have no hopes to give you, I think you will not be less happy to hear, that she never has been Lady Swain, or any other than Modeley; and the account you saw in the papers was purposely put in to induce the world to suppose that she soon would be Sir Sandy's, and to hasten the match.'

'My dear Sir,' said Smith, 'when did you hear this? Who put the account in the papers? Is the match off with Sir Sandy?' 'I can only tell you,' said Mr. Freeman, 'Sir Sandy is supposed to be the author of it;—the match I believe is off; and I did not hear it till a little before I received your letter, in which you said that you expected soon to be sent to England. I will say no more at present. Good night. I don't think you will rest the worse, though you may sleep the less, for the nightcap I have given you.' The gentlemen separated, and Smith, with a light heart, ascended to his room.

The occurrences of the evening were of too forcible a nature to be easily dismissed from his mind. The moon shone bright; he felt no immediate inclination for sleep; he therefore extinguished his candle, and drew a chair to the window of his apartment. He was so wrapped in the pleasing thoughts that his soul's idol, Miss Modeley, was still single, that it was some minutes before he perceived the Spectre of the Well walking backwards and forwards on its usual walk. He now attentively observed it, and plainly perceived that with downcast looks it narrowly examined the ground. One while it stopped, and seemed to stoop forward; again it walked slowly onward, and turned at the corner. The method of its proceeding was quite different from its wonted custom, for it usually crossed the path, and seldom returned till hours after, and very often was no more that night. Smith had no doubt in his own mind that it was looking for the crucifix, and every moment satisfied him more fully of its belonging to the spectre.

After noticing the phantom for some time, he went down to Mr. Freeman, he awaked, enquired who was there, and pulled up the draw-bolt;—our hero told him the circumstance, and asked if he had any objection to his going down alone, and attempting to converse with the figure. 'I can no longer, my dear Sir, think it a supernatural being; surely this crucifix must belong to it, and were I to go down alone to return it, perhaps the person might not avoid me.' Mr. Freeman assented, and promised to be a distant spectator from the window that, in case of treachery, he might come to his assistance. Captain Smith was soon at the spot, and he hid himself behind a large tree till the figure was at the further end of the walk; he then stepped forward; the figure started,—'Rash man! beware how you thus disturb my walks—know your life is in my power.' Our hero had stopped the moment the other saw him, and replied, 'I mean not to molest you whoever you are, but a strange circumstance induces me to speak to you. As we crossed this night your path, my servant picked up an ivory crucifix; deceived by the likeness to one of my own, I took it into the castle before I perceived my mistake. I have since, from my window, observed your actions as those of a man looking for a thing he had lost; and this brings me here.'

'The crucifix is mine,' replied the figure in a less hollow voice. 'Are you a man of honor?' added he emphatically, 'Can I trust you?'

'Do my actions shew me otherwise?' replied our hero: 'I came here in the garb of a soldier, but my sword is undrawn, my intentions are neither hostile nor deceitful.' 'Pardon me—pardon me for a moment's doubting,' cried the other warmly; 'hear then in a few words, my motives for this life, which must seem to you so strange.—Need I say to you I am no spectre; the bandage which entwines my temples, is meant an allusion to the old tales of this castle, and I solely employ it for the purpose of permitting me to draw the remains of a wretched life, unmolested, in this retired spot. I trust to your honor, that you divulge not my secret, and I thank you for re-

ſtoring me a pledge far more valuable than life itſelf.' 'I feel,' ſaid our hero, an intereſt in your fate, that tells me I ought not to leave you. Mr. Freeman, the worthy miniſter of this place, is the only one that knows of my thus meeting you; of his word and honor I am as certain as of my own, and my ſervant, who was with me when I met you before, is fully convinced that you are not a terreſtrial being; may I not then aſk you to communicate to us the unhappy cauſe which thus ſeparates you from the ſociety of men, and I here promiſe, in our joint names, to be ſilent and faithful to the ſacred truſt repoſed in us.' The perſon pauſed a moment, then ſaid, 'I believe, and I will ſatisfy you;—but when and where?' 'Surely,' ſaid Smith, 'in the day time, and in another garb you ſometimes appear?' 'Undoubtedly,' replied the other, 'I take off this ancient cloak and the bloody bandage, and appear as another man.'

'Will you come then to the caſtle, and enquire for Mr. Freeman?'

'I will to-morrow at eleven.'

Good night was exchanged by the parties; the ſtranger, having taken the crucifix, walked towards the well, and Smith returned into the houſe. Mr. Freeman, from the window of his chamber, had ſeen the peacefulneſs of their demeanor, and as our hero entered the room, he accoſted him, 'Bringeſt thou airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell?' 'Of that, ſir,' ſaid he, you ſhall yourſelf be judge.'

'How ſo?'

'To-morrow the Spectre of the Well will do us the honor of a viſit at eleven o'clock, and he has promiſed us ſome ærial food that ſhall ſatisfy all the cravings of our inquiſitive appetites.'

Mr. Freeman ſmiled. Smith told him the particulars of their late converſation, and then retired to his own room.

Reclined on his couch, he courted not the influence of the obliterating deity. Swiftly flew away the wakeful hours, while the occurrences of the evening paſſed agreeably before him; but chiefly the form of his Eliza floated in his mind's eye, and viſions of hope, long baniſhed, again exhilerated his heart. Steadily he ſcrutinized the latter part of his life ſince he had left his native country, and conſcience ſmiled upon the remembrance; ever thankful to that all directing inviſible power, which had ſnatched him from endleſs ruin, he at laſt reſigned himſelf to repoſe. Short, though ſweet, were his ſlumbers, and he awoke in the morning refreſhed and invigorated.

CHAPTER XL.

Their thirſt no bounds and no diſtinction knows,
The more they drink the more the fever glows.

STATIUS'S THEBAID.

IT is natural to ſuppoſe, that Mr. Freeman and the young captain were anxious for the promiſed viſit from their ſtrange acquaintance. Smith thought the caſtle clock would never ſtrike eleven, and Mr. Freeman was every five minutes pulling out his watch. The clock had at laſt ſcarcely ſtruck the promiſed hour before a gentleman enquired for Mr. Freeman, and was ſhewn into the room where he ſat with Smith. All parties ſeemed very much agitated as he entered, and Smith, walking up to him, ſaid, 'I preſume, ſir, you are the gentleman who promiſed me this favor laſt night.' The other, who was evidently very much affected, anſwered in the affirmative; and Mr. Freeman, having handed him a chair, begged he would be ſeated. The agitation of their gueſt now ſo greatly increaſed, that Mr. Freeman preſſed him very much to take a cordial; the ſtranger anſwered that he ſhould ſoon be better, but would be obliged to him for a glaſs of Port wine. Smith's eyes were riveted on his new acquaintance, who was a fine graceful man, plainly dreſſed, with a ſtrong and expreſſive countenance, which ſorrow had rendered ſomewhat ſtern: he appeared about five and forty, though his hair, long and as white as ſnow, and a beard cut ſhort but not ſhaved, gave him at firſt a much older appearance. Both the gentlemen could not help remarking the eaſe and dignity of his perſon, and the expreſſive manner in which he ſpoke.

After a few words of general converſation, turning to Smith the ſtranger ſaid, 'I told you, ſir, laſt night, that I was the rightful lord of this caſtle—I repeat the ſame now; the developing of my hiſtory will clearly explain to you. Know then, I am the eldeſt ſon of the duke de Merete. I came over early in life to England, and ſo impreſſed was I with reſpect for this genuine land of freedom, that I determined it ſhould be the future reſidence of my life. I married therefore an Engliſh lady, Eleanor Willis, great niece of Thomas Gwin, eſq. the laſt owner who inhabited the caſtle. By my unhappy ſpouſe, who, by the failure of the male iſſue, was next in ſucceſſion, I might claim this eſtate for my life. Mr. Gwin died the day before we left England; my poor Nelly lived not long after; I have been from about the ſame period ſuppoſed to be no more, and ſir J. Morgan now enjoys the property, in right of the younger ſiſter. You ſee, therefore, the juſtice of my claim were I inclined to make it.—I return to my melancholy ſtory.

When I occaſionally reſided in France, I was a conſtant advocate for the people againſt that haughty and domineering ſpirit which the French nobility exerted, and which was ſo contrary to my feelings. In vain my unhappy parents cautioned me againſt encouraging that licentious temper that already began to ſhew itſelf among the French people; I turned a deaf ear, and thought only of the cauſe of freedom. Youth and impetuoſity proved my bane; I had no kind reflecting friend to point out to me my error. I conceived that I ſhould be the grand means of making five and twenty millions of people happy, and I raſhly helped to overturn the old fabric, that cruſhed us all in its fall. From the firſt I had not the moſt diſtant idea of annihilating the power of the throne; and, when I arrived in France after my marriage, and found the baneful intentions of the leaders of the mob, I was the foremoſt to attempt to ſtem the ruſhing torrent. In the earlier ages of the revolution, my name had been echoed through France as the grand guardian of its liberty, and when I returned from England, the leaders of the mob hailed me as their champion, but I ſoon ſhewed them how fallacious were their expectations. The unhappy king, under the ſemblance of royalty, was in reality a priſoner in one of his old palaces to a ſet of wretches whom a vicious conuſſion had noted with power. I inſtantly determined to releaſe my ſovereign, and to reinſtate him again on the throne of his anceſtors; I planned his eſcape, I aided perſonally in the buſineſs, and rode forward myſelf poſt to apprize B——— of his coming. What then muſt have been our diſappointment, when we found that every thing had failed, and that the ill fated Louis was about to fall a martyr to his humanity.

I haſtened back again to France to my beloved wife, de-

termined to convey her safe to England, and once more attempt to rescue my Sovereign: but before I arrived at Paris, I received the dreadful tidings that the Duke and Dutchess of Merite had been murdered by their own peasants—by the very people to whom they had always acted in the most kind and affectionate manner. The Duke had ever been considered as the father of the poor, and my venerable mother had spent her whole life in acts of humanity and goodness. My blood runs cold while I think of it! a wretched villain, more cursed sure never yet polluted the earth! though, alas! I fear there are too many such remaining. This hell begotten miscreant headed the frantic mob: he himself was an attorney, born, bred, and nourished in the bosom of our house, raised from the dregs of the commonalty by the generosity of my father, to whom he was steward; this monster inflamed the maddening populace by his speeches, and was the first to plunge the dagger in the bosom of his benefactor. Oh, my God! forgive the fury that absorbed me when I heard the soul-harrowing news! I was going to my father's favourite's castle at Paixia; instantly I urged forward to the spot, and was met by the chief assassin and his accomplices a few miles from the castle. My steady eye marked the villain out; I plunged my horse into the midst of their group; not for a moment did I lose sight of him, till I had buried my faithful sword up to the hilt in his heart." The Duke paused, and, labouring with the agitation of his soul, it was some time before he could proceed. "I was fired at by the wretches, and received a great many wounds, among others a severe one in my thigh, of which I shall never perfectly recover.

In this maimed state I reached Paris, where I had left my beloved wife at the house of a trusty friend, who was too much of the democrat to allow me any fears of her being discovered. I arrived late in the evening at the same house, determined to go with my wife to England immediately with what property I could at present muster; but the day after my arrival, my thigh was so inflamed by the exercise, that the surgeon at first feared a mortification would ensue; he positively ordered me not to stir under danger of my life, and my friend promised to get my wife a safe passage from Calais,—I had almost forgot to mention a circumstance concerning the great value of the little crucifix that you picked up last night; a most ingenious artist at Paris, who was at that time confined in the common prison, made me two ——" "Peraps, Sir," said our hero, no longer able to contain himself, "there might be a third, for I have the exact model of the same in my bosom, which, as you must remember, I mentioned was the occasion of my taking it home last night."—It may be, Sir,' said the stranger, gravely, "some distant resemblance of it, but the poor artist perished soon after by the guillotine. The four sides of my crucifix exhibit by the shade the exact profile of the late King and Queen of France, the Dauphin, and the lovely survivor of the family, the Madame Royale; it has also four screws in different parts which open, and the hair of the four august personages whom I have mentioned is contained in a small cavity covered by each screw." Smith drew his crucifix from his bosom, and, as he took the string from his neck, the Duke started at the well-known object. "This, Sir," said the youth, "was stolen from my mother on her death bed; she died in child-birth of me at a small village in Wiltshire, where she came in the coach from Bristol, and was unknown; three and twenty years are since passed over. I was nursed by the parish, and never yet knew my parents.'

Our hero, as he spoke, gave the crucifix to the Duke, who, eagerly listening to every word that he spoke, with a trembling hand soon opened the first screw, and exclaimed, in rapture, "Gracious heaven! then you are my son.'

CHAPTER XLI.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

POPE.

IT were hard to say who was most amazed at this strange discovery, which time and circumstances too strongly corroborated to leave a doubt in the mind of the father. When all parties had somewhat recovered from their surprise, the Duke continued, "With my own hands did I tie this crucifix round the neck of your poor mother when we last parted, as she in return did the same office for me. My friend, at whose house I was at in Paris, saw my dear Nelly safe to Calais; she was at the time far gone in the family way;—I had got no children, and dreaded the danger of her longer staying in France, conscious how very hazardous it would be to escape with the care of a little child. The vessel she sailed in I knew was bound to Bristol, and it was settled that she was to take a place in the London coach immediately on her landing; in London she was certain to find some friends and relations, and I promised to join her there as soon as my wounds would permit.

In a few weeks after I followed, but was never able to gain the least traces of her from Bristol. Indeed, I called at a small inn in the village of Pitford, on account of an advertisement concerning a young female who had died there; but the description which the people of the house gave, was so totally different, the clothes too, they shewed me, were those of a person in a low situation, that I could perceive no traces of my lost Nelly."

Smith now informed him, that it was the same village and the same person; and, with every particular circumstance that had come to his knowledge, related the means which had been taken to conceal who the person was. He mentioned also the peculiar circumstance of his gaining the crucifix, and afterwards meeting with the very man who had kept the inn at that time; he ended with saying, that of all the valuables which the unhappy lady brought from France, the crucifix alone remained, and the lady's wedding ring buried with her. When Smith spoke of the ring, the Duke said, "Though I have no longer, in mine own mind, even the shadow of a doubt of your being my son, the circumstance of the ring will put it out of the maiden name of my ever to be-regretted Nelly, with the day of our marriage, are engraven in the inside, and it is not yet, I hope, too late to be able to recover it." Mr Freeman informed him that they were going in a few days into that neighbourhood, on a visit to the gentleman, now a Colonel in the army, who had been the original instrument of raising his son from that obscurity in which the unhappy death of his mother had left him.

The Duke, after agreeing to be one of the party, thus continued his narrative: 'After my fruitless search for my beloved wife in England, I again returned to France, determined to rescue and preserve my Sovereign, or perish in the attempt. It will be needless for me now to repeat the various means I employed;—they all failed; the royal

party was disheartened; not a man would assist in any daring enterprize, but tamely suffered themselves to be led, day after day, without a struggle to the guillotine.

In this manner things continued; the most humane Monarch on the face of the earth was brought to an open trial for crimes his very soul abhorred; in vain was he defended, was every accusation refuted, was every charge proved to be false; he was declared guilty, and condemned to lose his head. You too well know all the particulars of that horrid affair. As a last resource, I had agreed with a few other friends to hail our Monarch at the place of execution, and attempt to make a division in his favour. But I was not fated to lose my life in that glorious cause; I was, by some means or other, discovered the day before, and instantly confined in the common prison. I saw not the dreadful sight, but have since heard that one only of our party had spirit enough to cry out for his Sovereign, and that he nobly perished a martyr upon the spot, murdered by the wretches around him. My trial, was soon over; I was not suffered to speak in my defence, but ordered to be guillotined the next morning.

Since all hopes had now left me of being of service to my King and my country, self preservation, which I did not cowardly shrink from, induced me to save at least mine own life;—a life I was ever willing to risk in the cause of virtue, but which I knew I had no right, however burdensome it might be, to wantonly resign. As I was looked upon to be a criminal of great consequence, and was to be the grand victim on the morrow for the amusement of the populace, I was confined in a dungeon alone, strictly guarded. I had contrived to secret with great art a few valuable diamonds about me, and these I offered to the head gaoler if he would permit my escape; he accepted the tempting bait, and in the disguise of a national courier I lost no time, in conjunction with two Englishmen I found there, in planning our escape; we seized a small vessel in the night, and hoisting the sails, we steered, all of us unacquainted with the sea, towards the English coast. When the morn arose, instead of the chalky cliffs of England which we had hoped to see, an impenetrable fog hid every thing from our view, and for four days and nights we were driven about by the winds, our masts broke, the rigging destroyed, and uncertain which way we were going. What property we had got, each of us had concealed in his clothes; on the fifth night the vessel struck—I swam on shore—my unhappy companions went down with the wreck.

I soon reached the land opposite the Castle of St. Donats, a place I very well remembered, having spent many weeks here with the late owner. The old steward, who considered me as one at a future day likely to be the master of the Castle, had frequently told me the anecdotes of the wonderful well, and I believe that I am the only peson living who is possessed of the secret.

In the civil wars of York and Lancaster, a large and roomy apartment had been formed adjoining to the well by the careful Lord ap Bourne, as a safe retreat for a time against the success of the opposite party. To this apartment there were two ways; one from the castle which, by the falling in of the old ruinous buildings, has been for many years stopped and totally impassable, and lost; the other by means of the well. On the eastern side of the well is a wooden catch-bolt strengthened by iron, which, to a person descending into the well, has only the appearance of a beam; by drawing the catch part aside—easily to be done by the hand in stooping down, or, when you are acquainted with the spot, by a judicious kick of the foot as you descend,—the pretended beam turns immediately upon its axis, and a machine, not unlike a small tub, which is supported from the further end, comes directly before the mouth of the well; into this you easily and safely descend; you turn a small nail which prevents the bolt from catching, and, stooping down, pull yourself to the entrance of the apartment by a strong iron chain which is fastened to the wall and the machine; the other end of the beam then slides into its place, every thing looks the same as before, and you fasten the machine back by the chain. When you ascend again from the well, you have only to push yourself back in the machine, which is without any difficulty done, as it moves very easily on its axis, and having removed the nail, the bolt catches of itself. Among the craggy rocks there are many fissures, which fully light the front apartment, and admit the air, invisible from the ground, and protected by the yawning precipices. I know not if I have explained myself clearly on the subject—you shall judge by the place itself. "Permit me to enquire, Sir," said Mr. Freeman, "why no human traces were to be perceived in the morning?" "When I came within a certain distance of the well," continued the Duke, "I constantly fastened a piece of wood to the middle of my shoes, of which I made different kinds; some with the form of a horse's foot, others of the goat, sheep, ox, and dog, as I thought it best to use. This was the reason no footsteps of a human being were to be found, and still added to my height." "May I beg to know," rejoined Mr. Freeman, "how you avoided the shots which were once fired at you?" "The Curate," replied the other, "a bold forward man, had frequently followed and watched me before; I was therefore always prepared for him, and never left the well without first elevating a figure dressed like myself. Such was the thing you have heard they shot at; the shots indeed went through it, and I had reason to praise my caution." Mr. Freeman thanked him, and the Duke continued: "Dark and gloomy was the night when I was shipwrecked on this spot; and I made what haste I could to the cottages in the vale to dry my clothes, and rest myself for the night; the people humanely received me; I now occasionally call there, and sometimes employ them to get me a few necessaries, without their having the least idea that I live in this neighbourhood; they consider me as a kind of travelling pedlar, and I have found them of the greatest service to me.

(To be continued.)

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FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HISTORY OF JACK MARTIN.

[*Continued from page* 231.]

ACT II—SCENE II.

Enter JACK MARTIN, *reading*—QUIZ *following him at a distance.*

Jack. Hem! "Ah! 'twill do, 'twill do, 'twill do"—diddle, diddle, diddle, dum tum da—Quiz—

Quiz. What's the matter now, Jack?

Jack. I think, Quiz, that I shall turn author.—

Quiz. Why Jack, what in the devil has got into your head, now?

Jack. Listen, my boy—You may remember that I informed you when I followed the black art in Boston, I was the *Quinbus Flestrin* of a certain description of persons denominated *federalists*; these did I long and faithfully serve,

but alas! too soon I found the emptiness of their professions, for in a short time I became involved in difficulties—they refused to give me succor, and I, divested of credit, friends and money, was necessitated to secure my liberty by flight.

Quiz. Something of this, dear Jack, I do remember.

Jack. Nay, more, I yet have more to tell you—for near a year I traversed these great states—with many a dire mishap have I encountered; till fate decreed me here to land; and now, O Quiz! having maturely studied the tempers, dispositions, and qualities of the citizens of this city, I am positive that I can work upon their credulity in such a manner, that I will procure, before the expiration of six months, a very handsome establishment for myself.

Quiz. As how?—

Jack. You shall hear—having found that the federalists are bad masters to serve, I have resolved to resign t' ir cause; not that I believe it to be an unjust one, but because I find the other party *pays better!* In pursuance of this object, I have already commenced an attack upon my *former friends!* but you shall hear, and judge for yourself—*(Jack reads.)*

"Yesterday a federalist had a son born with two heads"—devilish good, a'n't it Quiz.

Quiz. 'Tis well enough; and yet Jack, *slander* is at best but a sorry weapon; it generally recoils upon the head of him that propels it.

Jack. Why Quiz you sermonize; but hear me out, for I have yet a list of *bores* for federal digestion, that would make even grave-fac'd Justice almost burst her sides with laughter—but to proceed—

"Yesterday the Philadelphia mail stage, on its entrance into this city, upset with a number of passengers, all of whom were more or less injured except a *federal* printer, who escaped by falling on his *head!*"

Quiz. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, I must own that your wit, Jack, is excellent—proceed—

Jack, (reads.) "It is reported that a certain well known member of congress has for some time past been unable to pay his board; so much for *federalism!*"

Quiz. Enough; I wish to hear no more—for although there is a great portion of levity in my disposition, yet I would not for any consideration injure the feelings of any man whatever; and give me leave to say, that I think you will deserve, should you make that last paragraph public, all the vengeance of the most envenomed heart; I therefore trust that you will consider maturely what you are about to do; remember your own former situation; and refrain from giving the world occasion to say you are the counterpart of that detested wretch P. P.

Jack. Since then, Quiz, you speak so seriously, I must inform you candidly, that my fortune is desperate, consequently I must adopt every means in my power to better it. I am at present at the bottom of the wheel, and every change must be to my advantage, therefore, by being somewhat harsh, I shall give an impelling principle to the Goddess, who whirling on her axle of chance, may bring forth something 'big with the fate of Martin and Democracy.'

Quiz. You argue well, Jack—but however unfortunate your situation, you can neither justify nor defend the action of wantonly injuring the character of any man.

Jack. Defence and justification are out of the question;—you must hear one more paragraph:—

"Yesterday a celebrated *law character* was seen making angles through the street, from which it is concluded that he must be a great mathematician—this gentleman is a notorious *federalist.*"

Quiz. You, I perceive, like many others, are about to attack a character, illustrious for his virtues, his philanthropy, talents, and information—but alas! Jack, whatever may be your first success, there rests not a doubt with me, but that, in competition with such a character, you will ultimately shrink, like the Lunar orb, from the refulgent beams of his Solar emanations; and if any notice is taken of your productions, it will be ascribed merely to the reflection of his intellectual rays.

Jack. Say what you will, I care not. I know you are my friend, therefore I overlook your satirical remarks. But, harkee, Quiz, some gentlemen are about to form a jubilant festival, in which I am invited to assist; and you may rely that I shall use every means in my power to forward my views thereat; for as soon as I perceive the *aqua vitæ* beginning to operate, I shall find means to introduce a proposition for the establishment of a *Mud-Squirter*, the direction whereof I will persuade the *rich noodles* to give me the direction, and in such a masterly manner shall I bedaub the *federal dogs*, that "I shall *fob the change and humbug the natives.*"

Quiz. How 'fob' and 'humbug?"

Jack. Why, my dear, if I must explain, the fact is this, I mean to realize a fortune on the credulity of the *Demos.*

Quiz. Martin beware, they are not so easily imposed upon—but who comes here!

Enter JULIA TOUCHEM.

Julia, (winking at Jack.) *Dear* Jack! how can you be so long absent—you dear bewitching devil—sweet *rosy-cheek'd* boy—Come, do come along with me—oh! do.

Jack. You perceive how it is—good day Quiz.

[*Exeunt Jack & Julia.*]

Quiz. Ah! ho—Jack's a ruined chicken.

SCENE III.]

Enter PAT, JACK, BROBDIGNAG, *and a groupe of others.*

Jack. Well, friend Pat, how comes on the feast, the grand festival, in honor of Vernon's chief—ha Pat, have you formed the toasts, the rondeaus, the odes, the catches, the glees, &c. &c. &c.

Pat. No, in soul, I have not, but Martin, dear, I hope you have fabricated something for the grand occasion, by my troth, if you have not we shall be in a sad quandary.

Jack. O never fear me, I have got a bit of an ode for the occasion, with a variety of gim-cracks, that will not fail to *take* on the occasion. I shall sing it after dinner.

Brobdignag. Gentlemen is it to be a select party—or is it a thing by subscription? as in the latter case I perhaps may partake of your festivity.

Jack, (hastily.) Quite select, a'n't it Pat? Egad, I fear if Brobdignag should be present he might ruin all my hopes—*aside.*

Pat. By my fait it is, just a thing of our own dear selves—he he he—*ma foi*—is'n't that French Jack?

Jack. Oui, mon ami, c'est bon Francois.

Brobdignag. Gentlemen, I must bid adieu to you, for upon my word I do not conceive I am proper company for such learned persons.

Jack. Did'n't I smoke Brobdignag neatly, Pat?

Pat. Fait did you, my honey.

Several of the groupe. Dear Martin let's hear you bore the federalists!

Jack. I will, I will—but let us resort to a house of public entertainment, where we may procure something to drink, and be more private. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

A POEM,

Written in the Ruins of an ancient Abbey.

UP the steep hills, and o'er the verdant vales,
Night with her sable shadows gently steals;
The distant objects in the deep'ning shade,
With dim confusion slowly-less'ning fade:
No whistling blast, no softly-breathing breeze,
Bends the tall grass, or rustles through the trees;
But sacred silence o'er the extended plain
Spreads, undisturb'd, her solitary reign.

Ah me, how swift our moments glide away,
And swifter still our transient joys decay!
Man's longest bloom is but a short-liv'd flower,
Man's longest breath is but a rapid hour;
Prone to the earth his mightiest labours fall,
Time tears them down, and ruin buries all!

Once in these walls, irregularly great,
Religion fix'd her solitary seat;
And Contemplation thro' the friendly shade,
With calm devotion meditating stray'd;
But oft Hypocrisy, with deep disguise,
Here stalk'd along and rais'd to Heav'n her eyes,
And seem'd to pray (so subtle was her art),
Tho' hell and malice gloom'd within her heart:
And here full oft hath hollow-ey'd Despair
Beat her swollen breast, and torn her matted hair;
Here Superstition spent her gloomy hours,
And bow'd to vain imaginary pow'rs;
While Beauty, beaming with celestial fire,
Melting to love, and warm with young desire,
Here pin'd away, and unregarded fell,
Unknown, unnotic'd, in the cloister'd cell.
Curs'd Superstition! thy relentless sway,
From life, from comfort, tears the soul away,
Fills the dark thought with irreligious care,
And for devotion substitutes despair!

Yet Friendship here, and Innocence refin'd,
Oft spread their influence o'er the dawning mind;
And sometimes Joy diffus'd its bright'ning ray,
Dispell'd the clouds, and chas'd the hours away,
While social Mirth ran chearful thro' the band,
And Pleasure gently wav'd her magic wand.

How chang'd the scene!—Time bids the arches fall,
And Desolation saps the mouldering wall;
No chearful light, no soul-enliv'ning ray
Here beams to chase the sable gloom away,
Save where yon Gothic arch in ruin bends;
The rising Moon its weak assistance lends,
And sheds a ray that barely serves to shew
Scenes full of death, and monuments of woe.

How weak, how transient is the noblest plan,
Formed by the utmost pow'rs of feeble man!
Where now our modern palaces arise,
And lift their turrets to the vaulted skies:
Here too shall time destroy the splendid scene,
And other ages ask, "Where have they been?"
For what is grandeur but a gaudy shade?
Its colours rise to view, decline and fade.
And what is life?—a short, a varying day,
Its clouds—its sun-shine—are—and pass away.

Not thus will thy sublimer fabric sink,
Nor thus thy joys, O sacred Virtue shrink!
Thou view'st unhurt, in undecaying prime,
The lapse of ages, and the waste of time;
Still wilt thou glow with unremitting flame,
For ever bright, invariably the same:
Who builds his hopes on thy unshaken rock,
Meets with composure Fate's approaching shock:
With joy seraphic shall his soul arise,
Spurn the low earth, and mount the blissful skies

A VERY crooked person, was met in the road by a sailor, who asked him if he came *straight* from home, and being replied to in the affirmative. Then says the sailor, your honour was very much *warped* by the way.

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